

## THE EAST RIVER BLEW AWAY

**GALE TOOK THE WATER, BUT LEFT THE FERRYBOATS.**

The Old Steamer Got Stuck on Rhineclander Reef and the Harleem and Bouwery Bay Off Astoria—Panic Call, but It Was Hardly Needed—Funerals Blocked

The tide in the East River, driven by the persistent northwest gale which caused the city to shiver yesterday, fell lower than in many years before and a succession of strandings and tugs in river traffic resulted. The harbor squad estimated that the water was 3 feet 7 inches lower than the normal low tide mark. In Hell Gate, where the stress was felt most, river men thought that this figure should be at least five feet. One river captain said:

"The water just fell out of the Gate, leavin' 'er dry as a bone."

Three ferryboats of the Astoria line, which plies between Astoria and East Ninety-second street, Manhattan, went aground for varying periods of time. Of these the Harleem and the Bouwery Bay came to grief in the mud of the Astoria side of the river, and the Steamer landed more or less firmly on the Rhineclander reef on the Manhattan side.

Two hundred passengers got a good scare on the old paddlewheel ferryboat Steamer yesterday. With the boat fastened on Rhineclander reef, the men, women and children, not to mention all the horses that could be crowded onto the driveway, huddled together as best they might while a spiteful little snowsquall blew and whistled around them and hid the shores and a strong nor-westerly boistered the waters of Hell Gate.

The Steamer left East Ninety-second street on her regular trip at 4 o'clock. Besides her usual quota of Sunday afternoon passengers she carried two funerals, one bound for Calvary cemetery and the other for St. Michael's. There was a heavy wind as the Steamer left her slip, and she was not more than seventy feet out when the gale caught her, and despite the efforts of Capt. Max Kahn she slithered around and tumbled broadside on the reef.

It didn't take long to prove to the captain that he couldn't get off without help, so he blew his whistle, and with his crew devoted himself to quelling the more excitable among the passengers. A few women had become somewhat excited when the boat swung around and they heard a slight crunching sound under them as the old planks slid onto the reef. But most of the men aboard kept their heads and aided the boatmen in convincing the anxious ones that patience was the only virtue required.

The Harleem, belonging to the New York and East River Ferry Company, owner of the Steamer, heard Capt. Kahn's signal of distress as she was on her way from Astoria. The Harleem slowed up when she got opposite the Steamer and attempted to slide near her. But the same gale which had brought the Steamer to grief threatened to take a similar course with the Harleem, and even if she missed landing on the reef herself it was seen that there would be danger of a smashup between the two lumbering side-wheelers if the Harleem tried to get too close in such a sea. Besides, the passengers on the Harleem protested against taking any chances.

So the Harleem went on into her slip at Ninety-first street and discharged her passengers. Then she returned and stood by ready to take off the Steamer's passengers in case the necessity should arise. Meanwhile the Bouwery Bay, Capt. Ben Chapman, came along and joined the Harleem. Meanwhile the passengers of the Steamer were making themselves as comfortable as possible in the cabins and trying not to get worried. Once if the passengers took the dilemma philosophically not so much could be said for the horses. The biting wind with its load of stinging snow swept through the driveway and the beasts grew more restless as the minutes passed by. They began crowding. For the moment it looked as if the animals might prove a real danger, but the crew pulled out everything they could find which might be used for horse blankets and added them to the meagre coverings of the horses. Some passengers whipped off overcoats and wraps and prodigally tossed them over the backs of the beasts. That quieted them.

The tide was beginning to come in and Capt. Kahn figured it out that the simplest way was to take it easy until the tide should come to his rescue. A couple of tugs were on hand by this time, but they were bouncing about and found it the best policy to keep their distance.

Excitable persons on shore telephoned to Police Headquarters that the Steamer had a panic aboard. The reserves of the East Eighty-eighth street station were ordered to the slip to be on hand in case they were needed, and the patrol launch No. 1 joined the already numerous gallery. With the incoming of the tide the old side-wheelers lifted and showed signs of a willingness to let go her grip on the reef. The two tugs edged up and threw lines to her and started off into the stream. After a few tries, with the tide boosting more and more, the Steamer slid off and floated free—an hour and forty-five minutes after she had struck the reef. She labored on over to her Astoria slip and her passengers, recovering their wraps from the horses, raced up the gangway while the two funerals went on their way.

Meanwhile the Bouwery Bay and the Harleem had attempted to return to their Astoria slips and had both struck firmly in the mud. They floated off without help at about the time the Steamer was released.

The Steamer occupied considerable room across the channel while she was on the reef, and the captains of other boats thought it wiser to wait for her to get out of the way. This made Hell Gate look like a block in the subway. Altogether the ferry schedule and the schedules of other traffic across the river at this point were delayed about two hours by the accident.

The Thirty-fourth street ferry ran through the low water period, but only one slip was available and all boats landing at the Hunter's Point end had to use it. This slip had been deepened for the new big boats of the Long Island Railroad and besides had a long bridge.

While two funerals were held up on the Steamer, many more were returning to Manhattan from the cemeteries in Queens. They could not get a row because of the tugs. The lines of carriages at Astoria extended

## WOMAN WHO COULDN'T SLEEP

**DEAD OF MORPHINE, LEAVING A LETTER.**

Almyra Wilcox of Milwaukee, Apparently Took an Overdose After Four Wakeful Nights—Was to Visit Nephew in Vermont, for Whom There is a Card.

Miss Almyra Wilcox of Milwaukee, Wis., was found dead in a room in the Chelsea Hotel, in West Twenty-third street, yesterday afternoon. There were in the room many bottles and vials which are supposed to have contained morphine. Coroner Shady supposed that the woman had died from an overdose of the poison. From the letter she left it was clear that she had been accustomed to taking the drug.

Miss Wilcox registered at the hotel on January 27 and did not make many public appearances thereafter. She never had been a guest of the hotel before; she had no visitors. She was seen four days ago in the library by one of the maids—about the first time that she had stirred from her room except for meals. Last Friday she telephoned down to the office saying that she was sick and wanted a doctor. Dr. C. T. Jewett of 182 West Twenty-third street was called. She told him that on Wednesday she had been unable to sleep and had taken half a grain of morphine. Dr. Jewett told her that she would be better off if she got up and walked about.

Many of the labels on the bottles in Miss Wilcox's room were marked with the name of Dr. F. H. Everett of Castleton, Vt. There was also a postal card addressed to him, undated, which read: "I will be with you Friday, I think. If not, I will let you know. With love, Auntie."

That the woman had been in Europe last summer was evident from her trunk, which was well covered with labels of steamship lines and London and Continental hotels. The trunk was filled with clothing of fine quality and also contained valuable furs.

The letter Miss Wilcox left was dated 1-28-08 and addressed to "Dear Heart." In it it read:

"This is gay New York. You asked for a 'best girl letter.' But you don't always get what you want, even from Him, the Divine Giver. I stayed home to write this, such as it is. I entertain for you no complaints and we never had a cross word. Sometimes you chided me for being a pessimist, but you told me facts, and I murmured not. There lay your charm for me, dear—other men used their way. I think there are but a few people like us who never have words on any subject. But was it always because you gave me my way?"

You poke fun at my favorite authors. I admit she would not say, "Honor and shame from no condition rise, at well your cause, there all honor lies." But she would say, "God never does or suffers to want what they would not do thyself if thou couldst see the end of it all as well as He."

I love diamonds, but the pearls are also good and rest the eyes and brain. Do not expect a bright intellectual letter, for I think I thought one drug store last night, all but the shelving, and to-night I have taken two and am writing you while I woo the sleepy gods. In other words, I am giving you another of my atrocious letters—quantity, not quality. Do you remember our last night? I went to sleep in the dear old chair that was built for me twenty times, but I did not sleep. I was hardly able to sleep for a week. Sleep is heaven. Do you know you are possessed of a dearness all your own? The very way you talk to me. None but you and my sister ever called me "darling" and when you say it I always hear the angels' wings. She called me one once. And you are also the only one to call me "Myra."

Why shall you wait for a letter, dear? Do you think the cars run away with me or do you think I shall be stolen? I registered "City," as I did not want to be bothered, but before I had walked two blocks I met two men I knew. It is impossible to be alone in New York. Excuse, please. I did not want to go to the writing room. I will send this when I get to the ink in the morning.

Be with you till we meet again. Will it ever come morning? This is the fourth night without sleep. The more I take the wider my eyes open. I have a book, but if I really had some to talk to me.

Miss Wilcox had two rings with small diamonds set in them, a gold watch and chain and a small sum of money.

The manager of the hotel had the body taken to an undertaker's place and notified Dr. Everett in Castleton. Last night he got this reply:

"Embalm body Myra Wilcox. Will come to New York Monday."

RETURNS, Feb. 2.—Miss Almyra Wilcox lived in Milwaukee, Wis., but was well known in this city, having visited here many times. She was on her way here to visit her brother, Henry Wilcox, Dr. F. H. Everett of Castleton is her nephew. He says that she had not been under his care and that she had been in Castleton only once.

Miss Wilcox was born in Stockbridge, Vt., and was a milliner. She had been in business in Athol and Orange, Mass.; Cleveland, Ohio; in Illinois, Ludlow, Vt., and Cambridge, N. Y., before establishing herself in Milwaukee.

## MGR. O'HARE DISPLEASED.

**He Criticizes a Methodist Minister Who Told a Story About the Confessional.**

Monsignor Patrick F. O'Hare, officiating at last mass yesterday morning in St. Anthony's Church on Manhattan avenue and Milton street, Williamsburg, told his congregation that some Protestant clergymen were too ignorant to appreciate the sanctity of Catholic ritual and that they were ready to disavow institutions of the Church of which they knew nothing.

After the services Mr. O'Hare said that when he spoke he had in mind the Rev. Lincoln B. Caswell, pastor of the Tabernacle Methodist church, who in his address to the graduates of Public School 126 on Thursday last had told an anecdote which, the Monsignor said, tended to degrade the holiness of the confessional.

"It was very indecent for this preacher to make such a slighting reference to something entirely beyond his sphere and of which he has no knowledge," said Mr. O'Hare.

The story to which the Catholic prelate took exception was to the effect: That an Irish priest, when confessing to a priest was asked by him if he had told all.

"No," said the priest. "I kissed Pat."

"How many times?" asked the priest. "Father," he replied, "I'm not here to boast, but to confess."

The Rev. Mr. Caswell admitted yesterday that this story he told before the graduates of the public school, but maintained it was not told in an impious spirit or with any ulterior motive.

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A terrible panic broke out at 11 o'clock, when several shots were heard in different streets. They came from a number of armed groups, who made an attack on the house of Premier Franco, but they were repulsed by soldiers. Several persons were killed and a number were wounded in the street firing. The house and the immediate neighborhood were thereafter surrounded by soldiers, police and municipal guards.

During the night several arrests were made and there were collisions between troops and isolated bodies of armed men.

According to an official statement the Government already has complete proof that the assassinations were carried out at the cost of several high personages belonging to the Republican party. It is stated that an ex-Minister belonging to the Regenerator party was mixed up in the affair but that he has crossed the frontier by way of Salamanca.

Upward of thirty men were concerned in the murders. These were scattered about in different places. The group stationed in the Praça do Comercio comprised a dozen men, nearly all of whom were clad in long travelling cloaks, under which they carried Colt rifles. They were also armed with pistols and revolvers.

Toward midnight the police discovered a store of bombs, explosives and arms and a number of Republican proclamations. Half the persons arrested during the night with arms in their possession were Republicans and the other half Regenerators. Several of them are well known personages.

The Portuguese Government addressed a long telegram to the Spanish authorities asking that a cordon of soldiers be stretched along the frontier to prevent the escape of accomplices in the plot. Precautions have been taken at all the Portuguese seaports to prevent the embarkation of any Portuguese subjects. Among the assassins is said to be a Spaniard of the name of Cordova, son of a well known militant anarchist.

According to official information the object of the plot was to exterminate the whole royal family. As soon as this was accomplished it was intended to kill Premier Franco, the only strong man in Portugal, and then proclaim a republic as the only possible form of government for the country.

The assassins laid their plans with fiendish ingenuity. It is believed that each man knew whom he was to try to kill. Nearly all the wounds were inflicted in the heads of the King and Crown Prince, showing the deadly accuracy of the assassins' aim.

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Schmidt lives in Newark. Last Wednesday he boarded a box car for protection from a storm. The car was filled with rags conformed to a paper mill in this city. While waiting for the storm to abate he lay down on the rags and fell asleep. Trainmen locked the door and the car started for York.

At Philadelphia the car lay over in the yard for a day and Schmidt tried to attract attention, but his efforts were futile. In this city to-day Schmidt's cries were heard, the police were notified and he was taken from the car semi-conscious.

SICK MAN'S HOME BURNS. Neighbors Carry E. J. Letcher From His Flaming Home in Plainfield.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Feb. 2.—The home of E. J. Letcher on Boulevard avenue was totally destroyed by fire to-night. Mr. Letcher, who was confined to his home by illness, was carried out by the neighbors, who then saved most of the contents of the dwelling.

## SENATOR ROOSEVELT, MAYBE.

**He Would Like to Have It That Way If Taft Is President.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—President Roosevelt may be a candidate for United States Senator after all. For several years it was understood that he desired to succeed Senator Platt or Senator Dewey, whose terms will expire March 4, 1908, and March 4, 1911, respectively, but when Mr. Roosevelt returned to Washington from his Louisiana hunting trip last October it was made known that however dear to his heart was the thought of wearing the toga, he had abandoned it for the reason that he believed an ex-President would be unable to do his full duty as a member of the upper house.

The reason given for this attitude of Mr. Roosevelt was that as a Senator he might be obliged to criticize the acts of his predecessors and his successors, and such a course on his part would be unbecoming. It appears, however, that the President did not intend to be understood as going quite that far. The declaration is made now that his position was and is that he thought it would be unbecoming for him to serve in the Senate unless Mr. Taft were President, for the reason that as a Senator he might feel called upon to criticize the acts and policies of any other President than Taft, and criticism of the incumbent of the Presidential office by one who had been President would be construed as oversteering the bounds of decency.

It is stated that Mr. Roosevelt would like to be in the Senate if Mr. Taft should become President in order to support the policies of Mr. Taft, which is equivalent to saying that Mr. Roosevelt would expect the policies of Mr. Taft to be exactly the same as the policies of Mr. Roosevelt.

There is reason to believe, however, that if Mr. Taft should become President in March, 1908, Mr. Roosevelt, according to present indications, will not make any effort for at least a year or two thereafter to be elected a Senator from the State of New York. Mr. Roosevelt has no definite plans for the future, it is understood, but he has in mind a trip to Europe with Mrs. Roosevelt, to be taken at a time when it will be possible for them to escape much ceremonial attention that certainly would mark their visit if it were made immediately after Mr. Roosevelt's term as President expired.

When that time will come it is impossible, of course, to indicate even remotely. It is expected that when he returns to private life Mr. Roosevelt will carry out a cherished ambition to visit the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, and he is said to have in contemplation a trip to the wilds of Africa for the purpose of shooting big game.

## PENNSYLVANIA BRYAN LEAGUE.

**State Leaders Other Than Guffey Plan to Have Delegation Instructed.**

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 2.—Democrats brought together by the Bryan-Borah dinner at the Hotel Walton on Saturday night launched the Bryan Democratic League as an organization through which the campaign for Bryan delegates will be made.

J. M. Guffey, the party boss and national committeeman, has shown no signs of warming up to Bryan, his evident desire being to control an unstructured delegation. In a formal declaration of purpose, which was made and signed by all in part these resolutions read:

Resolved, That the Bryan Democratic League favors the nomination of W. J. Bryan for President, and to this end it will cooperate with all in sympathy with its purposes in securing delegates to each congressional district pledged to support Mr. Bryan at the Denver convention.

Authority was given to Chairman Jere S. Black to name an executive committee in each congressional district. In addition there will be a State committee.

## SPAN OF NEW BRIDGE FALLS.

**Bolts Were Tapered With, Contractors Think—Labor Troubles.**

A seventy-ton "jackknife" span on the new bridge being constructed across East Chester Bay to connect Eastern Boulevard, The Bronx, with Pelham road, fell yesterday afternoon into fifty feet of mud and water. Representatives of the construction companies who investigated the break after the accident said yesterday afternoon that the draw could not have fallen if the bolts at its base had not been tapered with.

The bridge is being constructed by the American Bridge Company and the Goodwin Construction Company, under the supervision of John C. Theban, the engineer representing the city. It is designed to replace the old Pelham Bay bridge, which stands just above the new structure. May 30 was the contract date for its completion, but because of constant labor troubles the contractors recently announced their inability to complete the job by that time.

The draw spans in the centre of the bridge, two in number, swing upward instead of downward as in the old style draw bridges. One of these "jackknife" draws is at the south side of the middle water way had already been completed and the other was nearing completion. The completed span was 50 feet long and about 25 feet in height.

When the workmen quit on Saturday this span was left standing with its nose in the air. It had been fully completed and tested. Nobody was on the new structure yesterday, when without any evident cause this span pitched off its buttresses and dropped almost out of sight in the water and mud.

Mr. Theban and officers of the construction company made a close examination of the place where the span had stood, after which the construction people announced definitely that they believed the span had been caused to fall by some one drawing bolts in the supporting mechanism. Mr. Theban said that the circumstances were suspicious, but that he could not make any charge of wilful mischief until he had made further investigation.

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On account of frozen hydrants it took the fire department nearly an hour to get water on the blaze.

Vincent Carroll, a fireman, was accidentally struck on the head with an axe by fellow firemen and removed to the hospital in a serious condition.

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## DUEL IN HAVANA.

**Two Lawyers Fell Out Over a Case—One Wounded in the Arm.**

HAVANA, Feb. 2.—Two prominent lawyers who became involved in a dispute over a case in which they were opposed to each other fought a duel early this morning. One was wounded in the arm, but not seriously.

## OFF TO HEADQUARTERS.

**Chairman Woodruff and William Barnes, Jr., Make for Washington.**

Chairman Woodruff of the Republican State committee, accompanied by William Barnes, Jr. of Albany, left here yesterday afternoon for Washington on the 3 o'clock train. They are going to have a talk with the President and discuss plans for the State convention to be held in April, it is said.

Senator Dewey is to give a dinner at Washington this evening, and both Mr. Woodruff and Mr. Barnes are to be among the guests. Before leaving yesterday Mr. Woodruff said that he would be back here on Tuesday in time to attend the dinner of Staten Island Republicans on Tuesday evening. Mr. Woodruff is making a speech at the dinner, and the expectation is that it will be a speech in support of Mr. Hughes.

## FLED IN THEIR NIGHT CLOTHES.

**The Wm. De La B. Andersons Lose Their Fine Home Near Plainfield by Fire.**

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Feb. 2.—A fire which is supposed to have started from the furnace this morning destroyed the handsome house of William De La B. Anderson, a New York broker, on the Watchung Mountain overlooking Plainfield. The family was not aroused until the lower part of the building was in flames. They had barely time to escape and fled to a neighbor's home in their night clothing.

The loss is placed at \$25,000, and includes \$1,500